

Good Morning 356

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



It's just a piece of Cake, Torpedoman

Timothy Tate

THERE was quite a gathering at your home in Adair Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne, when we called to see your mother.

Brother Alf was sitting at the fireside toasting his toes, after his Sunday morning usual at the "Fox," and Helena Elliot from down the street was sitting at the other side.

Gwendoline, your sister, had just left to go to the coast for tea with a friend, and sure enough, as busy as a bee, Mum was at the table filling little white boxes with wedding cake, while Irene, your other sister, who, as you know, has just been married, was cutting chunks of cake off her wedding cake to fill them.

She had only come back from her honeymoon the day previously, and Ronnie had returned to duty. They were

disappointed that you couldn't make the wedding, but duty comes first, and they know it.

But they are going to see you don't miss anything. A lovely large lump is being put away for you, for when you get home, along with a noggin of the real "I AM."

In fact, Mum persuaded us to sample the cake.... really scrumptious, too... They all send a message, which went: "Bon voyage, plain sailing, and good hunting."

THEY'RE THE "WEATHER KIDS"

IF any of you submariners hail from the Longton district of Stoke-on-Trent (Staffs) you'll be pleased to learn that the folk back home can take advantage of a unique service provided by the pupils of the Queensberry Road Elementary School.

If Mum and Dad want to take advantage of Pop's Saturday afternoon off, they simply ask young Johnnie from next door (who attends the Queensberry Road School) to give 'em a forecast of what the weather is likely to be.

And as part of Johnnie's Science lessons consists of

tracking deep depressions floating over Derbyshire, this bright lad is able to tell Mum to take her mack, and gamp along and save her temper and her precious new clothes.

The youngsters are lucky in having a Member of the Meteorological Society as their science master. He is Mr. William R. Arundel—maybe some of you chaps know him, for he has been at the Queensberry Road School for a few years.

He told me the other day: "These lads are extremely keen on meteorology, and are experts at reading scientific instruments. They make a study of cloud formations, and prepare daily weather charts and reports. Some of them are keen to join the Navy, and when they do, their knowledge will be very useful to them."

So look out, lads, for some of the Queensberry Road weather prophets. They are no "red sky at night" merchants—theirs is the real scientific stuff, and the reports they hand out—to use an R.A.F. expression—are pukka gen!

W. H. Millier To-day reports

"RING'S FIERCEST—SAVAGE BATTLE"

JOE BECKETT'S defeat at the hands of Carpentier did not detract from his drawing powers. He was still the best British heavy-weight, and as such was the best card a promoter could play.

The difficulty was to find suitable opponents for him.

It had been recalled that Dick Smith had given Carpentier the father and mother of a boxing lesson before being knocked out in the eighth round in Paris, just prior to the Frenchman's meeting with Beckett, and it was thought that Smith would be the best man to match against Beckett in his rehabilitation series.

Dick Smith was a good boxer. He had been a professional when he was a serving soldier. On leaving the Army he joined the Metropolitan Police, and as a policeman he was not permitted to box as a professional.

As he did not want to give up boxing, he applied to the A.B.A. for reinstatement as an amateur, and his application was granted.

Smith was a great success in the amateurs, winning the heavy-weight championship in 1912 and again in 1913.

After this he resigned from the Police Force in order to try his luck once again as a professional boxer.

It is not out of place to record that during the whole time he served as a policeman Dick never arrested anyone.

In 1914 he won the first Lonsdale light-heavy-weight belt by defeating Denis Haugh, a hard-hitting Irishman.

It was in March, 1920, when Smith fought Beckett at the Royal Albert Hall, and he was then 33, a veteran as boxers go. He put up a good fight, but Beckett's youth turned the scales, with the result that Smith was knocked out in the fifth round.

In the course of the contest Smith exposed one or two weak spots in Beckett's armoury, and this was observed by Bombardier Billy Wells, among others.

BECKETT AND WELLS.

On these occasions it was the practice for reporters to seek the opinions of well-known authorities, and the interviews would be printed as an accompaniment to the report of the big fight.

Wells had given his opinion, and it was not exactly complimentary to Beckett.

You may be sure that it was speedily carried to the Southampton man, who delivered himself of a speech that was anything but flattering to the ex-Bombardier.

Outside his own circle Beckett was a reticent, and to all outward appearance, morose individual, but this was not so to those who knew him. Amongst his own cronies he could be as voluble as any. He certainly was not tongue-tied.

He had a caustic wit that could sting with as many smart-words as a stirred-up nest of wasps.

What he said about Bombardier Wells was not printable, and it reached the ears of the lanky Bombardier all the quicker.

It was thought that Wells had finally hung up his gloves, but this former champion had other ideas when he heard the substance of Beckett's taunts.

He called on the leading promoter and suggested that he should earmark the first vacant date for Olympia in order to permit him to show Beckett just what that gentleman did not know about boxing.

Of course, the slanging match between the pair had given rise to many chuckles in the inner circle of the boxing game, but

'Smashing, Bashing Cave-man'

it had never been made public.

The promoter doubted whether a meeting between the pair would be anything of a box office attraction, but he was a sportsman, and he wanted to see this fight himself, as much as everyone else connected with the game.

He, therefore, lost no time in arranging a date, and the fight was duly staged.

FOUGHT LIKE HELL'S BELLS.

Fight is the word for it, for this really was a fight, more so than any so-called boxing contest that I can recall. Even at the time it just begged description, and it is certainly no easier to attempt to describe it now.

The only things that made it a boxing contest were the gloves, the three-minute rounds and the officials.

Otherwise it was a smashing, bashing, tear-everything-asunder, cave-man battle, minus the stone-headed bludgeons.

Long before the affair was fixed, Wells had thought to give Beckett a boxing lesson, which, no doubt, he could have done had he set his mind to it.

By the time he entered the ring all thoughts of boxing must have left Wells's mind. His one thought, apparently, was to wipe his opponent off the earth.

As on this occasion we had two strong minds with but a single thought, we had the unalloyed pleasure of seeing the fight of a lifetime. Many of those who were fortunate enough to be present saw several shibboleths answered in emphatic manner.

It had hitherto been taken for granted that, while Wells was a superbly skilful boxer, he could not fight in the real sense of the term. It was also considered to be an acknowledged fact that Wells could never stand up to anything in the way of punishment.

That both notions were absurdly erroneous was proved that night, as also was the whispered suggestion that Beckett was not as game as he might be.

The fight lasted only three rounds. The word "only" is out of place here. The wonder was that the fight lasted as long as that in view of the terrific amount of energy expended in that comparatively short time.

There were more punches, and real honest-to-goodness punches at that, packed into that three-round fight than is normally seen in a twenty-round contest.

The speed at which they fought can surely never have been equalled by heavy-weights, much less surpassed.

There was no preliminary sparring, no holding, no slackening for a breather; it was just one terrific slam, interrupted only by the gong sounding at the end of the rounds, and even then they had to be separated, as neither man heard the gong.

Gloved fists flew so fast that it was as much as the eye could do to follow them.

It was astonishing to see how much punishment was handed out and taken on both sides with equal equanimity.

Of course, it could not last at such a pace, and when Wells went down and out in the third round, he was as completely exhausted as if he had fought forty rounds.

The Daily Mirror photograph reproduced here is an apt illustration. If ever a picture told a story this one does. Wells had fought with such fury

that his collapse was complete, due as much to exhaustion as to punishment received.

Beckett did not go unscathed. He was possibly in a little better shape, but it meant that he must have gone out himself a little later if Wells had not succumbed to the knock-out when he did.

INSTEAD OF SOCKING.

Boxing form is frequently very puzzling, but never more so than where heavy-weights are concerned.

Here we had two of our best representatives, both alike in that they were the Jekyll and Hydes of the ring, and each having been knocked out in a matter of seconds by Carpentier, yet fighting each other with such devastating energy that the French champion could never have lived with either of them

in the same ring on that form.

Why on earth they could never fight like that when facing that Frenchman beats me for explanation.

It was not as if Carpentier was a wonderful champion. He was nothing out of the ordinary.

CARPENTIER'S MOCKING.

He was not even likeable in any degree. Not once did he hide his contempt for our boxers, our country and our institutions, although he was fond of our money, which he packed up in great wads.

You would have thought that our heavy-weights ought to have had no difficulty in working up such a healthy hatred that they would really let themselves go. But no. They saved it for each other.

I should have had some different stories to tell if only Wells or Beckett could have taken the ring against the Frenchman in exactly the same spirit as they took the ring against each other in this fight at Olympia, but, I repeat, they were, in themselves, the unsolved riddles of British heavy-weight boxing.

Wells at the End



Strange—but True

During the invasion panic of 1794, 14,000 volunteer cavalrymen organised themselves into an anti-invasion force and took the name of Fencibles. They proved themselves a very useful body, and were the forerunners of the yeomanry cavalry.

Handfasting was once prevalent in Scotland. A man and a woman bound themselves to cohabit for a year and a day, after which they either confirmed their contract by a regular marriage or separated. "On approval" is seemingly not so modern an idea after all.

The word Alphabet is made up of the first two words of the Greek alphabet—alpha, beta. The Phoenicians constructed the first alphabet; the Chinese have none, conveying their ideas instead by signs. The alphabet of Sanskrit, one of the most difficult languages, contains 40 letters.

There are over 150,000 distinct species of beetles.

The Methodist Church grew out of a Cornish sect known as the Bible Christians, founded in 1815 by Mr. W. O. Bryan, a local preacher in the Wesleyan body. By 1851 the Bible Christians had 482 places of worship, with a congregational aggregate of 34,612 worshippers.

Excessive devotion to a cause, more particularly public or military enthusiasm, is known as Chauvinism. The word comes from Nicholas Chauvin, whose extravagant devotion to Napoleon I made him a laughing-stock.

J. S. Newcombe

If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first, and pity him afterwards.

Dr. Johnson.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Rosa and the Prince

THE carriage rolled on during the whole day; it passed on the right of Dort, went through Rotterdam, and reached Delft. At five o'clock in the evening at least twenty leagues had been travelled.

Cornelius addressed some questions to the officer, who was at the same time his guard and his companion; but, cautious as were his inquiries, he had the disappointment of receiving no answer.

Cornelius regretted that he had no longer by his side that chatty soldier, who would talk without being questioned.

That obliging person would undoubtedly have given him as

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 18

pleasant details and exact explanations concerning this third strange part of his adventures as he had done concerning the two first.

The travellers passed the night in the carriage. On the following morning, at dawn, Cornelius found himself beyond Leyden, having the North Sea on his left and the Zuyder Zee on his right.

Three hours after he entered Haarlem. The Prince was alone, with a large Frisian greyhound at his feet, which looked at him with a steady glance, as if the faithful animal were wishing to do what no man could do—read the thoughts of his master in his face.

William continued his writing for a moment, then, raising his eyes, and seeing Rosa standing near the door, he said, without laying down his pen:

"Come here, my child." Rosa advanced a few steps towards the table.

"Sit down," he said. Rosa obeyed, for the Prince was fixing his eyes upon her;

but he had scarcely turned them again to his paper when she bashfully retired to the door.

The Prince finished his letter.

During this time the greyhound went up to Rosa, surveyed her, and began to caress her.

"Ah! ah!" said William to his dog, "it's easy to see that she is a countrywoman of yours and that you recognise her."

Then, turning towards Rosa, and fixing on her his scrutinising, and at the same time impenetrable, glance, he said:

"Now, my child." The Prince was scarcely twenty-three, and Rosa eighteen or twenty. He might, therefore, perhaps, better have said, my sister.

"My child," he said, with that strangely commanding accent, which chilled all those who approached him, "we are alone; let us speak together."

Rosa began to tremble, and yet there was nothing but kindness in the expression of the Prince's face.

"Monseigneur," she stammered.

"You have a father at Loevestein?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"You do not love him?"

"I do not—at least, not as a daughter ought to do, Monseigneur."

"It is not right not to love one's father, but it is right not to tell a falsehood."

Rosa cast her eyes to the ground.

"What is the reason of your not loving your father?"

"He is wicked."

"In what way does he show his wickedness?"

"He ill-treats the prisoners."

"All of them?"

"All."

"But don't you bear him a grudge for ill-treating someone in particular?"

"My father ill-treats in particular Mynheer Van Baerle, who—"

"Who is your lover?"

Rosa started back a step.

"Whom I love, Monseigneur," she answered proudly.

"Since when?" asked the Prince.

"Since the day when I first saw him."

"And when was that?"

"The day after that on which the Grand Pensionary John and his brother Cornelius met with such an awful death."

The Prince compressed his lips and knit his brow, and his eyelids dropped so as to hide his eyes for an instant. After a momentary silence he resumed the conversation.

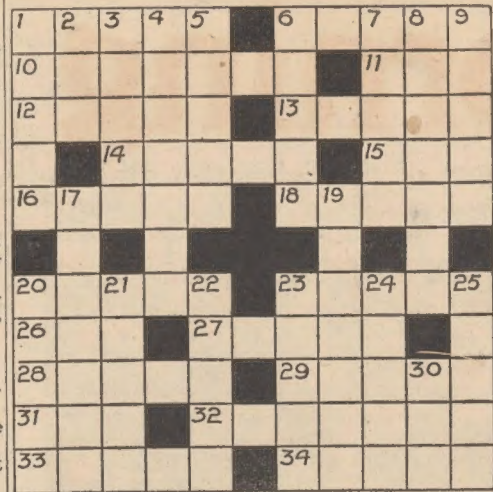
"But to what can it lead to love a man who is doomed to live and die in prison?"

"It will lead, if he lives and dies in prison, to my aiding him in life and in death."

"And would you accept the lot of being the wife of a prisoner?"

"As the wife of Mynheer

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Restrain.
6. Irish County.
10. Facsimile.
11. Apron-top.
12. Vegetable.
13. Cheer.
14. Sponge.
15. Marsh.
16. Jobs.
18. Grooved.
20. Pokes.
23. Whirrs.
26. Ignited.
27. Anyone that.
28. Colour.
29. Thrust.
31. Part of shoe.
32. Begged.
33. Pompous gait.
34. Slits.

CHANCE SLAG
LOW LOPPED
AMAZON RAIL
MIKED VISTA
LEE PINT W
BY BREAK ON
U TRAP LAC
SPOUT DEBUT
HUNG MORALE
PIGNET TAX
DACE DESERT

CLUES DOWN.

1. Farmland.
2. Bird.
3. Poems.
4. Covered.
5. Classes.
6. Sports trunk.
7. To rear of.
8. He joins metal.
9. Wood.
17. Fruit.
19. Odd.
20. Beds.
21. Alternative.
22. Went swiftly.
23. Trunks.
24. Piece of music.
25. Radiates.
30. Acquire.

Van Baerle, I should, under any circumstances, be the proudest and happiest woman in the world; but—

"But what?"

"I dare not say, Monseigneur."

"There is something like hope in your tone—what do you hope?"

She raised her moist and beautiful eyes and looked at William with a glance full of meaning, which was calculated to stir up in the recesses of his heart the clemency which was slumbering there.

"Ah! I understand you," he said.

Rosa, with a smile, clasped her hands.

"You hope in me?" said the Prince.

"Yes, Monseigneur."

"Umph!"

The Prince sealed the letter which he had just written, and

summoned one of his officers, to whom he said:

"Captain Van Deken, carry this despatch to Loevestein; you will read the orders which I give to the Governor, and execute them as far as they regard you."

The officer bowed, and a few minutes afterwards the gallop of a horse was heard resounding in the vaulted archway.

"My child," continued the Prince, "the feast of the tulip will be on Sunday next, that is to say, the day after tomorrow. Make yourself smart with these five hundred guilders, as I wish that day to be a great day for you."

"How does your Highness wish me to be dressed?" faltered Rosa.

"Take the costume of a Frisian bride," said William, "it will suit you very well indeed."

(To be continued.)

QUIZ for today

1. A loriner is a man who dives for sponges, makes harness, watches for shipwrecks, does washing, catches hedgehogs?
2. Who wrote (a) The Voyage of the Nona, (b) The Log of the Velsa?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Cork, Queenstown, Kilkenny, Londonderry, Waterford, Bantry, Limerick.
4. Which English tree is called "The Lady of the Woods"?
5. What does the word "Jack" mean in the name of "Jack Snipe"?
6. What language is spoken by the South African Dutch?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Fusilier, Felicitous, Fuliginous, Furacious, Flabergast, Freshet, Falacy?
8. What does the word "NAAFI" stand for?
9. What is the U.S.A. equivalent of our "WRENS"?
10. Give another use of the word "Jack" with the same meaning as in No. 5.
11. Can you guess how many ten-pound notes the Bank of England has printed this year?

Answers to Quiz in No. 355

1. Dog.
2. (a) John Strange Winter, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Manitoba is in Canada; others in U.S.A.
4. Curling.
5. Stoat.
6. Aurora Australis.
7. Kaleidoscope, Kidneys.
8. (a) Black, (b) White, (c) Green.
9. A brand of champagne.
10. Earl of Warwick.
11. Left.
12. Dartford warbler, Garden warbler, Grasshopper warbler, Marsh warbler.

Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 355.

- (a) LIKEN & COMPARE.
- (b) WRITTEN & ORAL.

JANE



WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!



Down at the Plough Inn, Appleton, near Oxford, they take their medicine with "bitter" thoughts. The doctor has for his consulting room an old stable at the back of the inn. He sees his patients once every week, leaves their medicine bottles in the bar, to be called for. The patients come in later and get their dose, and Mrs. Cooper, the landlady, hands them their bottles from the mantelshelf, and their beer from the counter. It's an old fashioned inn, an old fashioned spot, and an old fashioned cure, nothing bitter except the beer, and that is good, too.



WANGLING WORDS—302

1. Put a fever in LES and it becomes a long way.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters have been shuffled. What is it? LIL bowls bydoon dogo tath yan diwn an 'sit.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ACE into AIR and then back

again into ACE, without using the same word twice.

4. What weapon is hidden in the following sentence? There is a beautiful bay on Ethiopia's coast. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 301

1. APPROACH.
2. Speech is silver, silence is golden.
3. OAT, eat, EAR, bar, bat, OAT.
4. Ost-rich.

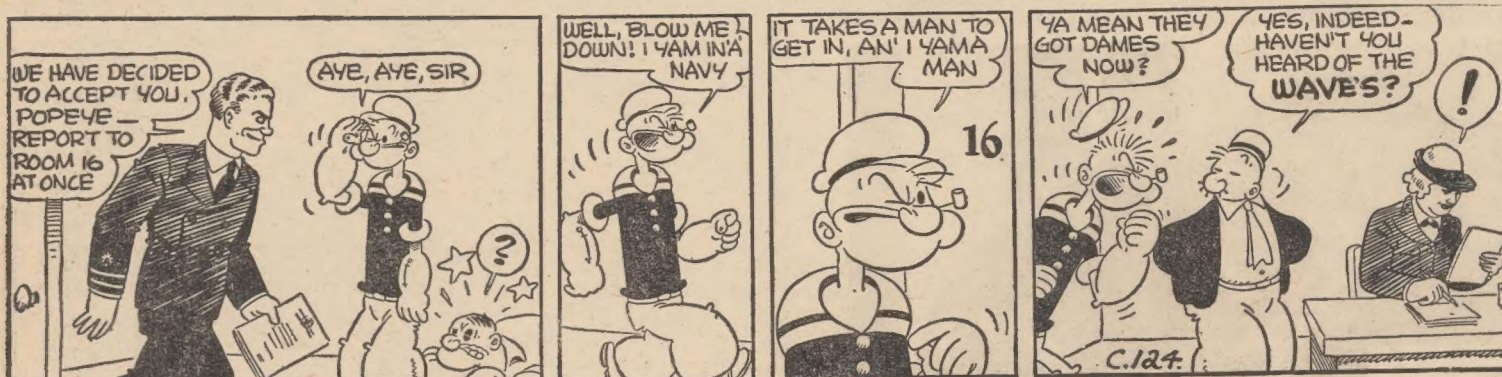
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

POST-WAR planners give me three glimpses of a brighter Britain:-
The 6,500 people of Stevenage, Herts, are going to make their old-world High Street the most picturesque in Britain.

They plan flower beds and gardens, window boxes and hanging baskets, and a floral clock similar to the famous one in Princes Street, Edinburgh.

They are going to turn a section of the Great North Road, which runs through the town, into a floral highway.

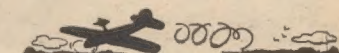
And at night, when the black-out is just a bad memory, the High Street of cottage-converted shops will be illuminated by fairy-lights.



LIGHT aluminium alloys, in "the most beautiful range of colours," may play a substantial part in the post-war building programme, both for furnishings and structural purposes. Addressing the Royal Society of Arts in London, Mr. E. C. Goldsworthy, Development Officer, High Duty Alloys Ltd., said:-

"We are no longer a drab nation, if we have ever been one, and there is an increasing demand by the public to work, shop and play in an atmosphere of brighter colourings."

"Light alloys, whether for structural or semi-structural purposes, can be finished to blend with any decorative scheme. This class of work is closely related to that now being done by the aircraft industry."



EVEN the remotest villages will have electricity after the war if the supply undertakings have their way.

The Electricity Supply Industry, representing nearly every private and municipal undertaking, has issued a special report, which, after approval by the companies concerned, will be put before the Ministry of Fuel and Power.

If the Minister agrees to the proposals, a special Bill will be introduced into Parliament.

"Our plan is to reduce the cost of electricity to the lowest possible level and improve service facilities-including hire-purchase schemes of domestic appliances-to our consumers," said an official of the Electricity Supply Industry.



GENTLEMEN, you may smoke in public. But ladies in uniform are requested to refrain.

The A.T.S. have made their request into a definite ruling. The other day they issued a "when not to smoke" instruction.

A.T.S. girls must not smoke in streets or "built-up" areas, in railway stations or approaches, in station, cinema or bus queues, in tubes or underground trains, or in shops-except tea-rooms or restaurants.

Girls in uniform may smoke (with or without their hats on) when making long train journeys and at sports meetings and other functions out of doors.

The other women's Services say they have no written orders on the subject. This is what W.A.A.F. and W.R.N.S. officials told me:-

W.A.A.F.-"There may be local rulings on the subject, but there is no written ban on smoking in the street. It is, however, discouraged."

W.R.N.S.-"We have no instructions, but girls at their training depot are told that smoking in uniform in the street is not done. We leave it to them entirely-really nice girls don't smoke in the street, anyway."

So now when we see girls in the street we will know.



MR. ALBERT WALKER, aged 72, of Mann Street, Claybrooke Magna, near Rugby, who, it was stated, wanted to get married again, was granted a decree nisi in the Divorce Court recently on the ground of his wife's desertion.

His case was that his wife left him in 1893, six years after their marriage at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire. He had not seen her since 1904.

Seems to put Bette Davis's song in "Thank Your Lucky Stars" out of date.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

This England

In the droning
peace of a sum-
mer's day—
Thaxted, Surrey.



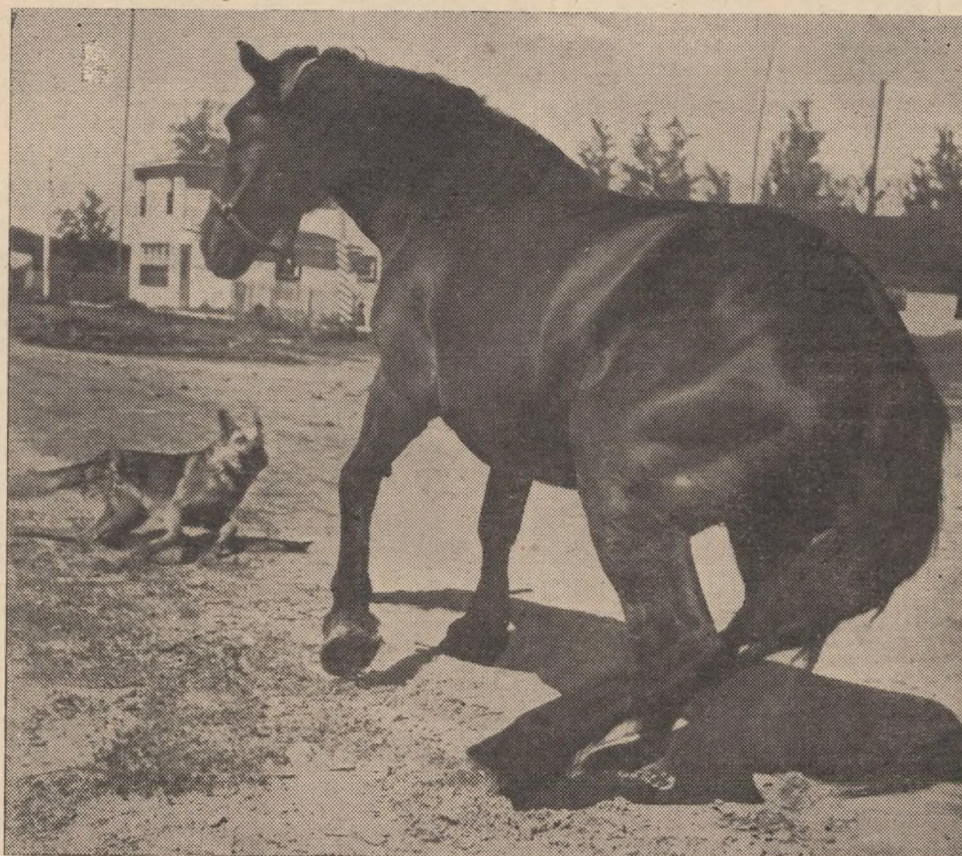
"When the deuce is the
milkman due this morning?"



Svelte, 20th
Century star,
Louise
Hovick, looks
far far away.



"When will you learn to keep your bodice on
straight?"



"Whoa, whoa, Black Bess!" Rover fancies himself as a
horse-dog.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gercha — You
couldn't handle us
cats."

